

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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DECEMBER 22, 1918

Christmas on Shares.

BY BLANCHE GERTRUDE ROBBINS.

"I WISH I had some way to send a basket of Christmas goodies to Marthy Butters. It seems to me our Christmas dinner would taste sweeter to us if we shared with Marthy. You know she is lame, and alone since her only boy, Tom, went to France," explained Mother Sellers, peeking in at the suet pudding.

Considering the fact that two chickens were to spend themselves in a dinner for seven Sellers folks and two of those, counting Mother and Granny, grown-ups, one couldn't help wondering how there would be enough to share with Marthy Butters. But that was Mother's way, and even the baby had learned to share the meat on the wishbone.

Timothy, busily employed in trying on his new skates, looked up. "Fix up the basket, Motherkins, and I'll skate up to Marthy's with it before dinner," he offered.

"Is the ice firm? You must remember it is a good mile up the Lake to Marthy Butters's house," answered Mother.

"The ice is prime, and I want to try out these skates this very morning," laughed Timothy.

Mother set to work packing Marthy's basket, carving three generous slices from the chickens roasting in the oven. Then filling a bowl with sweet potatoes, squash, and celery, she set it in the bottom, tucking a saucer of suet pudding in a corner of the basket.

"If only we hadn't sacrificed so for the Christmas boxes that we sent over sea to Daddy and Cousin Phil, we might be able to put in some fruit for Marthy. And I would like to send a real Christmas basket to Captain Perley," reflected Mother, making the basket solid with papers.

"Captain Perley!" gasped Timothy, "why, he has a big barn of cattle and poultry and heaps of vegetables. He doesn't need any of our dinner."

"I'd put all sorts of cheery things and funny jokes in his basket. Captain Perley may have all the good things there are to eat; but I'm afraid he hasn't any real Christmas spirit in his house," said Mother.

Timothy nodded his head. Mother was right. Captain Perley lived by himself in a big, big house which faced the lake and had gardens all around, where he raised all kinds of produce. But the Captain wasn't a happy kind of man. He didn't give much to patriotic things, and Timothy was sure he wouldn't take the trouble to make merry this Christmas Day.

"Dinner will be ready on the table when you get back, Timothy," explained Mother, handing the basket to the boy. With a whoop, Timothy ran out the back door and down to the lake. How gloriously frosty



From painting in Corsini Gallery, Rome.

MADONNA AND CHILD.

was the air this morning! The ice was clear and smooth and Timothy's new skates sharp. Off he flew, swinging around the corner, where the park grew green summer-times.

Now he was abreast Captain Perley's estate, and he turned his head to look up at the big house with its gables. Maybe their cottage was small, but there was cheer aplenty in it and to spare. And this very morning there had come a letter from Dad from France. And that was better than a whole tree of Christmas gifts.

Crack-crack-crack! Timothy's heart jumped at the sound. He had been skating dangerously near the shore. Now he looked sharply ahead. He could see the cracks and they were widening horribly.

Chills chased each other up and down Timothy's back. Then without further warning came the crash, and Timothy was floundering helplessly in the water between the ice cakes.

"Hold on there, laddie, I'll pull you out," called a sharp voice from the shore. Timothy raised his head and saw a walking-stick reaching out toward him.

"Take hold," commanded the voice, and Timothy grasped the friendly stick. Then he sensed strong arms pulling him in to the shore. With chattering teeth he stumbled into the bushes on the banking and looking up saw the stern face of Captain Perley bending over him.

"You sure got a ducking, lad, and I'm afraid it was my fault," exclaimed Captain

Perley, adding, "I wanted some ice and sent my man down to cut a lump from the lake. Never thought about you boys coasting or skating to-day or we would have been more careful. But see here, you look like a drowned rat. Run on to the house and get off those wet duds. I can't go fast myself, because I have a bad knee, so you had better hustle ahead."

Timothy obeyed by breaking into a run, his wet overcoat flapping and freezing in the icy wind. Captain Perley's man-servant watching from the window saw him coming and ran to meet him, hurrying him into the warm kitchen and stripping off Timothy's clothes. And even before Captain Perley had reached the house Timothy was steaming in a tub of hot water.

"What shall we put on him?" questioned the man-servant.

"Wrap him up in my Jaeger dressing-gown," ordered Captain Perley, "then make him a stiff cup of ginger tea."

"But I—I've got to go up to Marthy Butters with her Christmas basket, and Mother will be expecting me right back to dinner," Timothy broke in excitedly.

"Marthy Butters's basket—you mean that basket you kept on top of the ice all the time you were in the water? What's in it?" questioned Captain Perley, curiously.

"Marthy Butters's dinner," announced Timothy, explaining how the Sellers family had gone shares with the crippled old lady up the lake.

"I see, but look here, young man, if I let you go out in the cold after that sweating Sam—my man—has given you—we would have you down with the grippe," explained Captain Perley. "Suppose—just suppose we send over for your folks to come over and have dinner with us. It may take some time to get it ready, for you see I hadn't planned any real Christmas dinner—because, well, because I don't like eating alone on holidays. Say that we have a big dinner around six o'clock and your folks can lunch off their chickens at noon."

"And Marthy?" questioned Timothy, his eyes big with the wonder of it all.

"Sam can take the sleigh and go after Marthy, and she can make merry with us. I'm afraid we couldn't get any dinner to her before noon, as Sam must go at once to your mother and tell her where you are. I guess if you can share your two chickens I can share my big yard of turkeys and ducks."

"But Marthy's basket!" groaned Timothy.

"Suppose we eat up all that is in Marthy's basket. I know you must be hungry and Sam won't have time to get a lunch ready before he drives to your mother's. Bring the basket into the library," suggested Captain Perley.

Sam appeared with the Jaeger dressing-gown, and Timothy wriggled into it, following Captain Perley into the library. Sam brought silver and china from the dining-room, and Timothy spread out Marthy Butters's Christmas dinner on the big mahogany table. As they helped themselves to the lunch, Captain Perley asked questions and questions. It seems he hadn't thought much about the families of the husbands and sons who had gone overseas to fight; but now that Timothy mentioned it, he could count up a number right in the village who might not have any one to look after their Christmas dinner.

"Timothy, let us have a party," Captain Perley exclaimed suddenly, snatching up a pen and paper. "Quick, name the folks we should ask. Sam can get ready for twenty-five as well as eight."

Altogether it was a glorious afternoon, sitting before the crackling fire of pine logs, watching Sam's preparations for the Christmas dinner, killing the prize turkeys, making the ice-cream, and getting ready the tree. Timothy had counted twenty-five folks whose father or husband were overseas and they were not likely to have any real Christmas. Somehow Sam managed to get around the village and invite them to Captain Perley's. Timothy had always thought that Mother could accomplish more than most any other two people could, but Sam was a wonder. Even Captain Perley worked, turning the ice-cream freezer and chipping a block for the tree.

"You see, Timothy, I should be in the Navy, navigating around the waters of the War Zone, but my knee won't let me pass the medical test. I—I've been pretty bitter about it, and it made me sick to see the other sailors going off and leave me home to nurse a game knee," explained Captain Perley.

At dusk the guests came trooping in, headed by the Sellers family. Mother brought Timothy's Sunday suit and he scrambled into it just in time to see Marthy Butters and the other folks drive into the yard.

Of course every one had the most glorious time, and many times through the evening Mother put her arms around Timothy and squeezed him up tight. And Timothy knew she was just plain glad that he had got out of the icy lake so easily. But the person who seemed to have the jolliest time of all was Captain Perley himself. Once Timothy heard him talking to Mother, and this is what he said:

"Mrs. Sellers, I shall never forget this Christmas Day. When Timothy told me how you were going on shares with your two chickens, I saw where I could go shares with my big possessions. You see I've been just plain grouchy because my knee wouldn't permit me to go back in the Navy and do real fighting, but maybe I can do some work here—go shares with the folks whose men-folks had to go. Timothy is going to help me keep track of them, aren't you, Timothy?"

And Timothy nodded his head, too awestricken for speech. His mother had actually done the thing that she had wanted so much to do—she had sent a basket, heaping with Christmas cheer to Captain Perley. And he had liked it and had even shared it with other village folks.

Plotting.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

DEAR Santa'll never, never know
About this bit of mistletoe.

I'll peek so's not to miss him!
And when he's by the chimney there,
I'll come a-creeping down the stair,
And quick's a wink I'll kiss him!

Finding Santa Claus.

BY NANCY ELIZABETH LAMSON.

MOTHER, Sam Force says there is no such thing as Santa Claus," said Richard Bailey late in the afternoon of Christmas Eve. "And I don't believe it, either. Only little kids believe it. How could Santa Claus get down chimneys and fill stockings?"

"Why, son," smiled Mrs. Bailey, "I believe in Santa Claus. I'm sure it's the spirit of Santa Claus which prompts the filling of stockings and the giving of gifts at Christmas time."

"Well, I don't," Richard declared. "People just give presents to their friends. Santa Claus is a fake."

"Suppose we go out and see if we can't find Santa Claus at work somewhere," suggested Richard's mother. "You get your overcoat and cap, and we'll drive around town a little while."

Richard ran to get his coat, and they were soon riding in the automobile toward the business part of the city. On a corner they saw a man, with high-topped boots, dressed in a red suit trimmed in white fur. He was holding a small tin box into which people dropped money as they passed. Mrs. Bailey stopped the car, so they could watch him.

"What is he doing, Mother?" asked Richard.

"He is receiving money to furnish a Christmas dinner for poor people who live out beyond the Iron Works and who could not possibly have one otherwise."

Men came hurrying along and, seeing the man in the red suit, they would stop, run their hands in their pockets, drop a coin in the tin box, and hurry on again. Women with their arms full of parcels stopped and opened their purses. Two children, a girl and a boy, who was about Richard's own age, came along with their colored nurse. The boy opened his purse, and Richard heard his money ring on the bottom of the box.

"Mother, I have two nickels," said Richard; "may I put one in the box for the Christmas dinner?"

"That will be splendid," said Mrs. Bailey, and Richard opened the door of the car and got out.

Then Mrs. Bailey drove down to the newspaper office where three thousand poor children were remembered every Christmas. Richard got out and edged his way through the crowd around the door. He saw men carrying boxes of full red stockings out to a line of automobiles which waited along the curb. Every one about was smiling and looking happy, and Richard heard a jolly-looking man in a fur overcoat say as he lifted a big box into a machine:

"Well, old Santa has surely done himself proud on this job."

"Mother," asked Richard, as he was getting into the car again, "who filled all those stockings with candy and toys?"

"Hundreds of kind-hearted people helped to do it," answered Mrs. Bailey. "Some sent money, and others took the stockings home and filled them themselves."

Richard was quiet and thoughtful all the way over to Seventh Street, where they got out of the car and went to watch a line of people coming out of the headquarters

of the Relief Society. Each person had a basket on his arm and came out smiling. Most of them were old, but occasionally a woman with two or three little children hanging to her skirts came out. One old lady with a patched shawl around her shoulders and a black veil over her head stopped right in front of Mrs. Bailey and Richard and lifted up the paper which covered her basket. Richard saw a loaf of bread and a chicken and some red apples and nuts. The old lady smiled to herself, and tears of joy came into her eyes. "Santa didn't forget Pa and me after all," she said. Richard looked puzzled, but he didn't ask his mother any questions.

Mrs. Bailey said they would drive by Father's club and see if he was ready to go home. And just as they drove up to the door, Mr. Bailey came down the steps.

"Well, well," he cried, "you're just the ones I want to see! I was just starting out to find an automobile to deliver some Christmas boxes for the lodge. Wait a minute, and I'll bring them out."

There were seven of them, and they filled the tonneau so full that Richard had to sit on his mother's lap in front until they had delivered some of them. As they drove up to a small house to leave the last one, Richard asked:

"May I go to the door with you, Father?"

"Why, yes, son, if you wish," Mr. Bailey answered, and Richard followed him up the two steps to the tiny porch.

In answer to their knock a lady opened the door, and two children came running up and stood behind her—a boy about the size of Richard and a little girl younger. Mr. Bailey told them that his lodge had sent him with Christmas greetings and good wishes, and then he set the heavy box in the hall. The lady's eyes filled with quick tears. "God bless you," she said brokenly. And Richard and his father raised their hats and started away, but not before they saw the boy's grave little face begin to shine with happiness. Quickly he lifted the paper which covered the box.

"O Mother, a spinning top!" he cried joyfully, "a spinning top! And a doll for Elsie."

"Oh! oh! oh!" Elsie clasped the doll in her arms and danced about excitedly. "Santa Claus *did* come, Mother," she cried. "He came anyhow."

And as Richard and his father went back to the automobile, they could hear her still shouting, "Santa Claus *did* come, he *did* come!"

Without a word Richard got into the car beside his mother, who had moved to the back seat. His face was very grave, and he rode almost all the way home in silence. Then all of a sudden he burst out:

"Mother, I do believe in Santa Claus, only—it's different. Santa Claus is everywhere at Christmas time, not just coming down chimneys."

Mrs. Bailey smiled and put her arm around him.

"Santa Claus is every one who is kind, I guess, Mother. 'Don't you think so?'"

"Yes," answered Richard's mother, "and Santa Claus will exist as long as love and kindness and generosity are in people's hearts."

"I'm going to tell Sam Force he doesn't know what he is talking about," said Richard.

Goosie's Christmas.

BY HERMOLION E. PERKINS.

(A Story for the little people.)

YES, "Goosie" is her name. But she is not a goose, she's just a white duck. I call her "Goosie" so she can tell herself from the other ducks, and she learned it long before the yellow down got off of her.

She's the only pet I have, and she didn't know a thing about Christmas. Course she didn't! She was only born—I mean hatched—last summer.

I put her up on the back steps and told her all about Christmas and Santa Claus, and she just turned her head and looked at me with one little black eye and said, "Quack! Quack!" that meant, "I haven't a stocking to hang up!" Then she turned the other little bead eye and said, "Quack! Quack!" again, and that meant, "Loan me one of yours!"

So the night before Christmas I hung up a white stocking for Goosie, and a black one for myself. I put "Goosie" in big letters on a piece of paper and pinned it on her stocking so Santa could tell it was hers.

Well, guess what he brought her?

The stocking was most full of shelled corn (that's candy to Goosie you know), and then, done up in white tissue paper were her presents.

First, the dearest little red silk sunbonnet with red ribbons to tie under her chin. Then a pretty pair of red garters with red bows on them: not *big* bows, 'cause ducks can't wear big bows, but just big enough

for a duck. Goosie thought they were so pretty they must be good to eat. So she tried to take a bite of bow. I had to tell her what they were for, then she behaved.

Last, right down in the toe of her stocking, was Goosie's little hand-bag. It had elastic and a hook-and-eye to fasten round her wing. It was red too. Everything was red, because Goosie and I think red is the prettiest of all colors.

Now maybe you don't think a duck needs a hand-bag, but she does! I'll tell you why. You see we go to spend the day sometimes, and when we go to Aunt Caddie's, Goosie goes 'long too.

Aunt Caddie's the only one who seems to like to have Goosie come; but I think the reason is, 'cause the others don't know Goosie very well. She is just as nice as she can be! And even behaves better than Aunt Caddie's baby.

Goosie takes her hand-bag with a piece of corn bread in it for lunch. Goosie's like a baby, she can't eat everything.

Aunt Caddie takes crackers for her baby.

The conductor on the street-car that goes to Aunt Caddie's knows Goosie and me, and he lets us ride for nothing. Goosie sits up in my lap by the window where she can look out, and when she sees a dog in the street she says, "Quack! Quack!" That means, "Goody! Goody! You can't get me!"

Goosie loves Santa Claus. What do you suppose he'll bring her next Christmas?

Santa's Volunteers.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

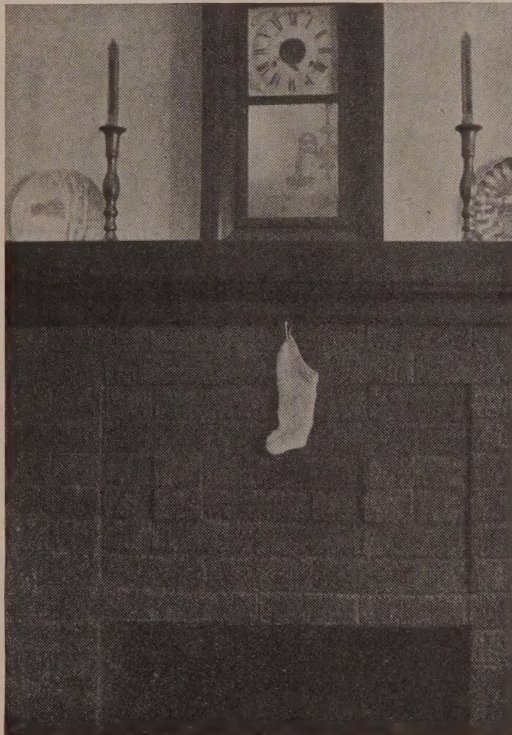
SANTA CLAUS ruffled his snowy mop and frowned over his spectacles until the brownies in his workshop began to feel nervous. "Maybe I'm not making these toys just right," thought every busy-bee-brownie, trying his little level best to stitch, paste, and hammer still better.

But Santa was only having a thinking spell and good Mrs. Claus knew the symptoms. "You're worried," she said, towing him away into his cozy den. "Isn't there enough material? Or do you still fret because all the boys whose stockings you once stuffed with tiny drums, trumpets, and air-guns are soldiers now, with big drums, bugles, and bayonets?"

Santa nodded soberly. "Of course, I never forget that," he confessed. "But there's something else," he began after his wife had gotten him into his big chair and made him a cheering cup of tea. "The world needs so much more than usual this year, to make it seem the least bit Christmassy,—why I can't begin to attend to the whole world alone!"

"I might put on overalls and help," suggested his wife, in a small voice. It took great courage for this suggestion, since Susan Santa Claus was a dear, old-fashioned soul, fond of long, rustling skirts and lace caps.

Santa shook his head and scowled at the bare idea of his Susan in overalls. "No, you work too hard the year round," he told her tenderly. "I must find some one in the world who is eager and willing to help me pass around Christmas cheer. What



By A. G. Burt, Jr.

HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS STOCKING.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

608 VIRGINIA STREET,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the First Unitarian Church. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and I enjoy reading the stories. My Sunday school teacher is Mrs. Hansen. I like to go to Sunday school. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button.

Yours truly,
REBECCA LANE.

MYSTIC STREET, OAKLAND,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Dear Miss Buck,—We would like to become members of the Beacon Club and wear the Beacon Club button. We are ten and nine years old and we belong to the Episcopal Sunday school. Sometimes we go on the train with our father to Unity Church in St. Paul.

Our father sent for *The Beacon* for us and we like it very much.

Yours truly,
WALTER AND GENEVIEVE RUSSELL.

46 FAIRVIEW STREET,
ROSLINDALE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Congregational Church. My auntie sends me *The Beacon*. I like it very much. I am nine years old, and would like to become a member of the Beacon

Club and wear its button. I am in the high fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Murphy.

Yours truly,
ELIZABETH A. NELSON.

54 WASHINGTON STREET,
MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church. Rev. Mr. Shurtleff is our minister. As I remember, you came to our Sunday school and told us the story of Kate Shelley, which all of us enjoyed. I lost my Beacon pin and I wish you would please send me another.

Yours truly,
ELEANOR HOMAN.

18 INDEPENDENCE AVENUE,
LEXINGTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I took *The Beacon* last year and my brother is going to take it this year. I like it very much. I would like to join the Beacon Club. My brother is ten years old and I am nine. He is going to join, too. I have three other brothers and one sister. I have the pin for three years' perfect attendance at Sunday school. My teacher is Frank Hadley.

A. CLIFFORD FLETCHER.

Other new members of our Club are Francis Morrill, Hollis, N.H.; Marion M. Millett, Gloucester, Mass.; W. Alfred Fletcher, Lexington, Mass.; Adele R. Herrick, Stow, Mass.

I need badly, is a fine sturdy lot of volunteers."

"Then take a day off and go hunt them," Mrs. Santa decided briskly. "The work is moving along so smoothly that everything will be ready in time. I'll keep house tomorrow while you make a flying trip to earth and find somebody to help you."

Santa had at least half a dozen reasons why he simply could not go, and his wife had two dozen better ones why he should. So he went. My oh, didn't he look twenty years younger and a hundred per cent. jollier when he came whizzing home in his faëroplane next evening!

"Everything's tip-top," he chuckled over his wife's fine biscuit, fried chicken, and cream gravy. "I needn't have worried one bit, and I never shall again. I found my volunteers already at work, and how I ever managed without them, I'll never understand. They are bubbling over with life and fun and the blessed love of service to others."

Santa grinned all over with his thoughts, as he helped himself to another drumstick, two hot biscuits, and a pint of gravy. "Do you know, Susan, those boys and girls have the finest motto, and they're living up to it—which is better. 'Do a good turn daily.' Did you ever?"

Mrs. Santa declared she never did, and so absorbed was she in Santa's story that she looked unconsciously all over the table for her glasses before finding them on her head, under her cap.

"They call themselves Scouts," continued Santa, "and they're after my own heart, I tell you. In many cities there are to be community Christmas trees, and the Boy Scouts are to be my errand boys, delivering bundles, toys, and goodies to poor kiddies who think it's no use to hang

up a stocking. At the Neighborhood Houses, the generous, helpful Girl Scouts will fill baskets which the boys will take to poor, hungry, needy folks. Then my volunteers are musical, too," he laughed heartily. "Tell you what, if there's a thing they *can't* do, it isn't worth trying. So they are to sing carols to cheer up the old ladies and old soldiers in their Homes, besides the unfortunate people in the Institutions for the Blind. The thousands of lonesome little orphans are not forgotten, and neither are the sick tots in the Children's Hospitals. There will be jolly entertainments for them that will make them laugh themselves well. Of course the Salvation Army and the many Missions have asked my volunteers to bear a hand to help them distribute cheer. And it's wonderful, wife, what those war-winning boys and girls have done besides, to help the Red Cross of mercy, not to mention sending boxes, scrap-books, and all sorts of cheer-ups to the soldiers."

Santa drew a long breath and shook his head. "There! I knew I didn't dare get started on those Scouts, Susan, or I wouldn't eat a bite of dinner! And you say the pudding's getting cold? But I'm a lucky old fellow, that's all there is to it. My volunteers have lifted tons of worry from their fat old friend Santa—bless 'em!"

"Bless every one of them," murmured Mrs. Santa, softly. And right after the dishes were put away she slipped into the workshop to see what lots of lovely things she could put away, with which to stuff the stockings of Santa's willing, loyal, lovable volunteers—the bright-faced, big-hearted boys and girls who had learned how blessed was the joy of service to others.

RECREATION CORNER

ENIGMA XXIII.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 21, 16, 10, 4, 5, 15, is what the earth is.
My 1, 19, 11, 15, 20, 6, 7, is a military title.
My 8, 13, 4, is a boy's nickname.
My '12, 9, 17, 24, is a book of the Bible.
My 14, 22, 23, 3, 25, 7, 2, is a part of a roof.
My 18, 23, 11, is a small and useful article.
My *whole* is the name of a prominent person.

ISAIAH CHASE.

ENIGMA XXIV.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 10, 2, 17, 1, 7, are what the birds give us.
My 5, 16, 12, 6, is the sentiment of the season.
My 3, 2, 14, 15, is a small boat.
My 4, 11, 18, 8, are makers of honey.
My 3, 16, 17, 13, is when the deed is finished.
My 17, 9, 5, 5, is no value.
My *whole* is a familiar saying from Dickens.

S. H. E.

TWISTED WORDS.

I. PROPER NAMES.

- | | |
|----------------|------------|
| 1. Mabarha. | 3. Arsa. |
| 2. Gmahifiman. | 4. Onaceb. |

II. COMMON NOUNS

- | | |
|--------------|-----------------|
| 1. Eralugmn. | 3. Uletbsi. |
| 2. Leiytos. | 4. Icmalreocm. |
| | 5. Plhnsefelus. |

HARRIET LEE SALTONSTALL.

ADDITIONS AND TRANSPOSITIONS.

Begin with a one-letter word; prefix a letter and jumbled type will result; transpose and prefix a letter and there will be a rent; prefix another letter and you'll have a stumble; affix a letter and you'll be in possession of certain animal food; mix all up; prefix another letter and you'll see a ghost; mix all up again; affix a letter and it will be streaked; insert a letter and it will be naked as a deciduous tree in winter.

Scattered Seeds.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 10.

ENIGMA XIX.—The Invincible Armada.

ENIGMA XX.—It can be done!

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS.—I. Lever, revel.

II. Repel, leper.

BEHEADED WORDS.—1. Plight; blight. 2.

Trim; brim. 3. Meat; beat. 4. Try; fry.

A WORD SQUARE.—P A I N

A C R E

I R I S

N E S T

Answers to puzzles have been sent by Doris Lillian Robinson, West Concord, N.H.; Amy C. Bygrave, Concord, Mass.; Bernece Cox, Waverley, Mass.

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REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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